

Indian Famine condition

1891



"In your mission of relief,
In your helpful self-denying,
In the touch that comforts grief,
In a word that calms the dying—
Whispers Christ of Nazareth.
Sweeter than an angel's sonnet,
'Inasmuch as ye have done it
Unto these.'

Infant flocks are wandering where
Lurk the lion, wolf and leopard;
Something worth His love is there
Find the lambs that have no shepherd,
Take to Him a rescued soul,
And His joy for you who won it,
Writes on Heaven's golden roll,
'Inasmuch as ye have done it
Unto these.'"



Rev. Albert E. Ashton, Mrs. Bessie Sherman Ashton, Reginald and Ernest.

FROM FAMINE TO FAMINE

AN ACCOUNT OF
FAMINE EXPERIENCE AND
MISSION WORK
IN INDIA

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Mission Work in India

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CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING.

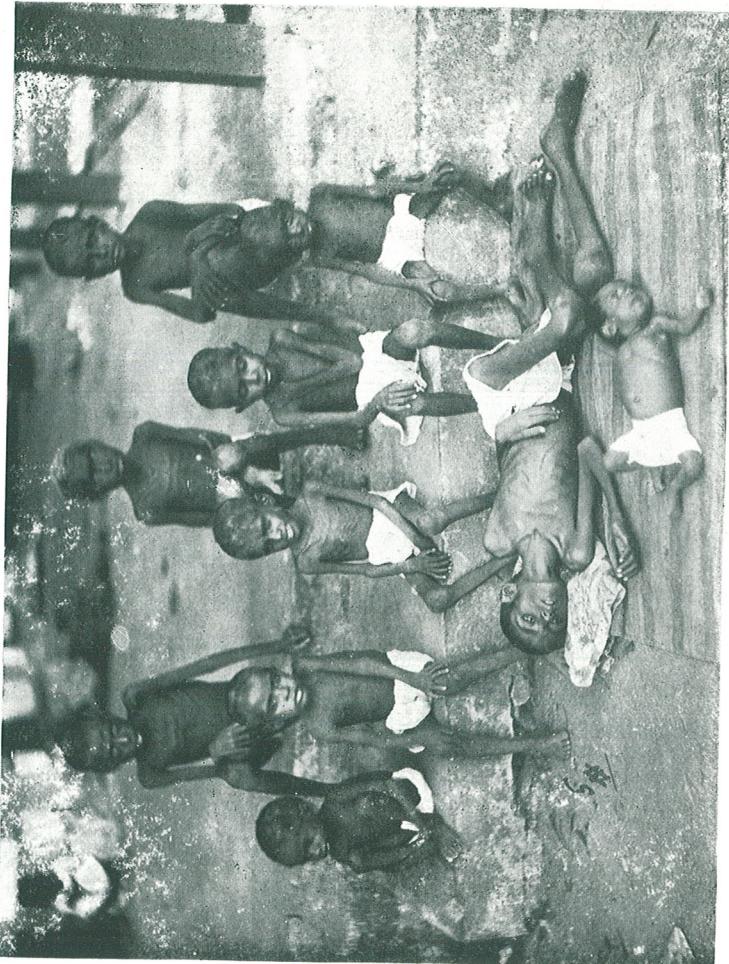


N the evening of September 8th, 1891, a young missionary took her farewell leave at the Vanguard Missionary Training Home in St. Louis, and started en route for dark India. She was the first to leave the Home for that far-off land of the East, and this made the parting of that evening a particular occasion. This young sister was Miss Bessie Sherman (now Mrs. Ashton), daughter of the editor of *The Vanguard*. She was joined by another missionary, and when the *S. S. Majestic* withdrew its gangways at an early hour, on October 7th, from the New York landing stage, this little party waved a parting "God be with you," and on the 24th of November landed in India.

Mahim, Bombay: This is where the work of the Vanguard Mission commenced in real earnest, and in 1900 the famine orphan waifs in their poor emaciated condition were being cared for by the workers, as the following letter written at that time will show:

"Our work now is to rescue the children from death by starvation. Then will follow immediately to develop in them the spirit of industry. The question of how best to train them is the important one just now. God only knows how long the famine will last. It is getting worse and worse." * * * *

Several of the workers were out on the famine field at the same time, and all were kept busy almost night and day. The sores on the children were sickening past description. Some were so far gone that they had to be fed night and day with special attention. The increase



Famine Orphan Children. Just Taken In.

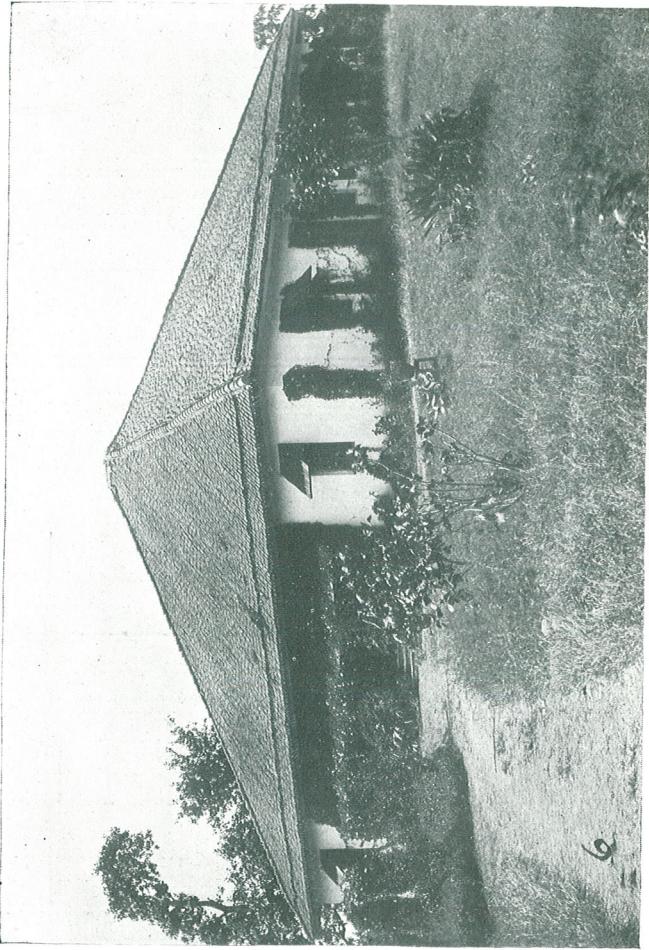
of children demanded more room, and it was decided that a move be made to some distance in the country. Arrangements were made accordingly. Sanjan, about ninety miles from Bombay, was to be the Orphanage. This is a small native town on the B. B. & C. I. Ry., and about seven miles inland from the Arabian Sea.

Here we have about thirty-five acres of land on which the Orphanage buildings and school chapel stand. The land was given to us by the Government of India.

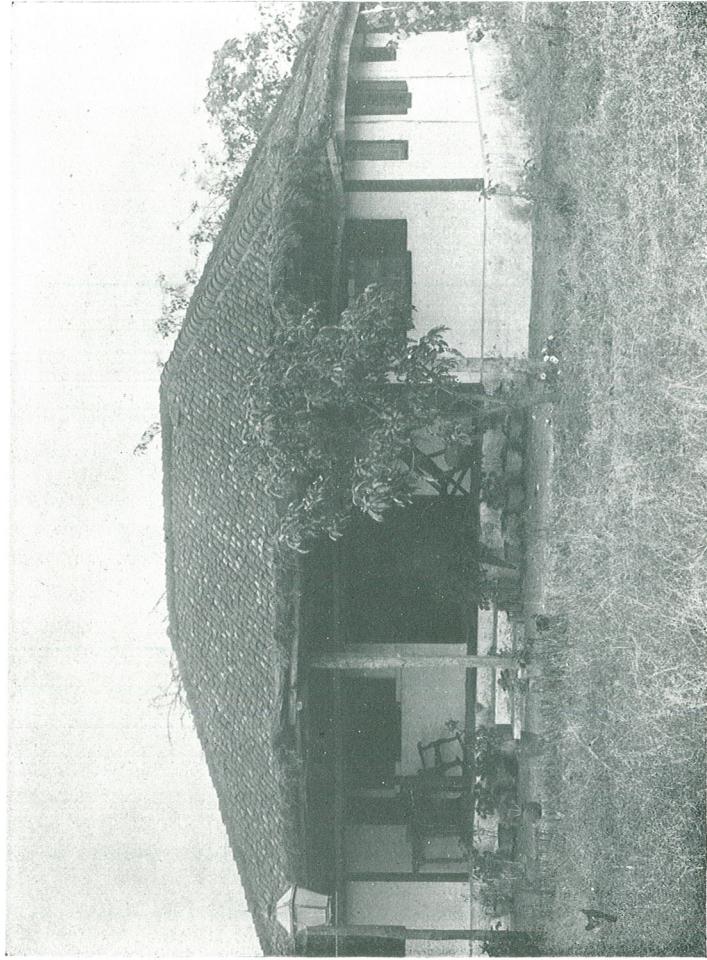
Sanjan is at present the headquarters for our native girls. They are fast budding into womanhood and are becoming real helpers in the work. Miss Mary Friesen, assisted by Miss A. Bueker and Miss R. Rodabaugh, is in charge of the girl's work at this Orphanage.

A few miles north of Sanjan is Daman. Here Mrs. E. Burman with a native evangelist and his wife, Mulgie and Ganga, are sowing beside all waters. This field is a hard one, but promises fair for a good harvest in the near future. A small rented native house in the dirty village is at present the quarters occupied by our workers here. We are prospecting for a piece of land on which to build a mission house. Part of the money for this has already been given. We expect our Father, who knoweth all our needs, will soon supply the balance of funds required for this immediate and pressing need.

Twenty-five miles from Sanjan, the girl's Industrial Evangelistic Orphanage, is Pardi, the boys' Training Department. Here Brother John Armstrong is working away with more than ordinary vigor, and writes very encouragingly of the work. This station was opened up by one of the writers (Mr. Ashton) only a few years ago. He, with a company of boys, worked away and lived in tents until the stable was built and then occupied that. A while after a small, bamboo-walled house was ready for us, and we thanked God with all our hearts as we



Our Sanjan Bungalow.



Rest Cottage, Pardi.

vacated the hot rough-looking stable, and moved into the small but comfortable mud-bamboo house. This house has since been reconstructed, and brick walls put in, and has been set aside as a rest home for missionaries. As soon as the "Victory Bungalow" at Pardi for which we are praying is ready, this little dwelling with its flower gardens and viney will be used particularly for tired missionaries, as a "Rest Home." Our situation here near the sea is particularly suited for this, especially for those from the interior who want the benefit of the sea air.

Pardi is the headquarters for the Pardi Taluka or District. We have about eighty-one villages to take care of with a population of over sixty thousand. A good bungalow large enough to accommodate the number of workers required here and to make a headquarters from which to push the evangelistic work in the villages is an especial need, and we take this opportunity to ask all our friends to pray for this building which is an urgent necessity, and which we have already named in advance "Victory Bungalow."

The Vanguard Mission Field

is divided into three parts—Sanjan District, Pardi District and the Native States. The railway (B. B. & C. I.) runs through the field for about thirty miles touching Sanjan, Bhilad, Daman, Udvada and Pardi. These towns directly on the railway line are to be the headquarters to push the Gospel in that vicinity. In the immediate field we are responsible for about five hundred villages, but with our present force of laborers we are able to reach but a small per cent of these once or twice in each season. May some of the readers of these lines be awakened to their responsibility and come and help us.



Mr. John Armstrong.

"Haste, oh, haste, and spread the tidings,
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us when we stand
In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land."

CHAPTER II.

THE FAMINE.

From 1897.

The situation was cruel and critical indeed. At the best of times there are, it is said, forty millions of poor in India who never know what it is to be satisfied with food. From this we may have a faint idea of ten years of prolonged scarcity, and what it means to such a vast sea of humanity in poor dark, idolatrous India.

The heavy clouds gathered time after time, and the people watched the blackened skies with almost breathless anxiety, and,

Their gods they worshiped long and loud,
And cried in vain for rain;
But gods of wood and stone are hard,
They prayed—twas all in vain.

Rivers, lakes, ponds and wells began to dry up, and refused to quench the thirst of the millions. It was only a deep river or an extra good lake or pond here and there that afforded water during this perilous time of suffering for the bewildered villagers. Some districts were worse than others, and water had to be carried several miles.

The President of the Vanguard Mission who visited India in the interests of the Famine Orphanage Rescue Work, writes as follows from the famine stricken region:

"The wells, streams and reservoirs are almost all gone dry. The passenger trains arrange to make the journey by storing water and taking it with them, and by the telegraph orders at those stations where a scanty supply may be had along the the line; but the scarcity of water is felt more severely every day."



Two Babies—Before and After Famine.

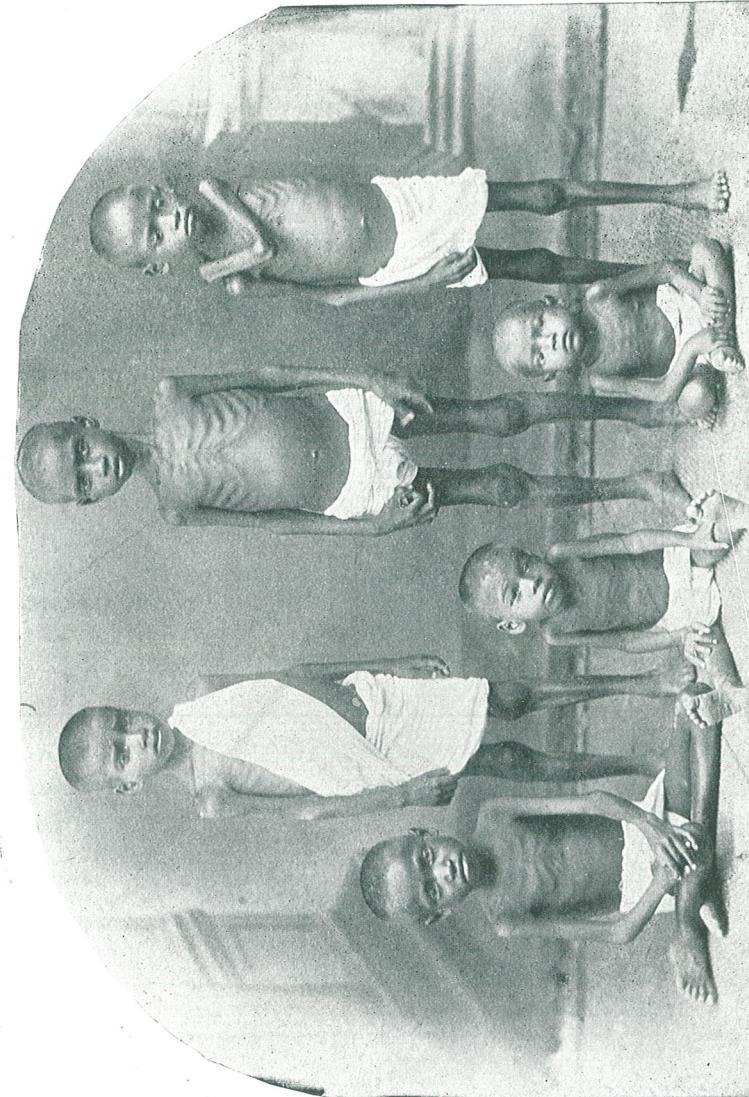
At this time the Central Provinces were the most severely visited by the famine, and besides this, cholera, plague and unmentionable diseases incident to a famine-stricken population took off their thousands. The accompanying picture shows a group of famine orphans taken from this region, and were some of the first that Mrs. Ashton assisted in caring for.

No one but those who have had such work to do can have any adequate idea of the trying, unpleasant and nerve-taxing character of the work involved. Washing running sores, attending to matted, vermin-eaten heads, cleaning "famine sore mouths," taking care of little victims stricken with all stages of stomach and bowel trouble, feeding gaunt little skeletons that were all but helpless from long neglect and starvation, giving attention to the sick and the dying at all hours of the day and night, and washing and bathing bony little forms so coated with dirt that it seemed they never would become clean—these were the daily duties of the missionaries whose hearts and homes took in these suffering, forsaken lambs. Besides this, let us add cases of cholera, smallpox, measles and such epidemics that were so common at this period, and required most careful attention.

The eating of all kinds of dirt, leaves, raw grain, roots, bark and the like, together with the drinking of foul, dirty water by those deserted little ones brought on such poverty of system and blood-poisoning that the above mentioned conditions were the natural result.

Famine Continues.

At a later date Gujarat, the present field of the Vanguard Mission, was visited, and the sickening sights in the worst affected fields were heart-rending and sad beyond description. By this time the Government of India



Some of the First Lot of Children That Mrs. Ashton Helped to Care For.

had thousands of men, women and children working on relief works in the different provinces, and this was the means of saving the greater part of the people from starvation and death. Villages were forsaken, families parted, children wandered away from parents, and thus the whole of these affected areas were devastated and the homeless, hungry, penniless thousands were in search for food.

We rented a house in the center of the famine district, and from our windows watched the smoke ascend from the fires at the river side burning hundreds of the victims who had died from the scourge that was passing over the land. Numbers of the rescued children were sent to the Orphanage as they were ready to go, thus making room for others.

The hot season had well commenced and it was all but dangerous to be out in the sun after midday. The sultry heat that hung around the house and office alike made one feel heavy and heart-sick as the thoughts of the suffering millions around would involuntarily press the responsibilities of the hour upon us.

The frequent deaths in our new family took us out, often at midnight and early morning to lay away the remains of our little unfortunates, and this took us to the outskirts of the town, where famine, cholera, plague and the devil were working havoc among the starving. Three o'clock in the morning, sufficient moonlight to see men from trees, and we pass the place where the hungry, bewildered sufferers are sleeping on the ground for the night. We might count several thousand, but to count is out of the question. The wail of the dying, and the cries of the cholera stricken for water, the pitiful hunger-cry of the babes as they vainly hang onto the breasts of



Stricken—Destitute—Forsaken.

their dead mothers, all this, and things too horrible to describe, is the fruit of famine. But there are also

Other Fruits.

Here we got a brother and sister, the girl about eight and the boy about seven years old. We took them to our Orphanage and after a good wash and a good meal or two they seemed to be quite at home. However, about two days had elapsed when the little boy came to me and asked to be allowed to go and bring his other



Manora, An Orphanage Pet.

sister. I did not want him to go, as he looked so weak and poor, but after some persuasion I let him go, thinking his sister was somewhere near.

I did not think any more about him until three days after I saw him at the gate with his little sister of about three summers. The little boy seemed to be entirely worn out and was breathing very heavily. I saw he was only just able to walk and was quite done up. I learned he had been to a village about four miles away to find his sister. He had eaten nothing during his absence but what he picked up on the road.

The next day I saw he was too far gone to pull through. He never rose to his feet once after his return. At about 11:30 that night I saw he was dying, so called his sisters, who, when they saw their brother's condition, immediately began crying. They knelt down by his side and said, "Bhai, bhai," (brother). Then the older one took his face in her hands as if to get one last fond gaze. She took his thin, bony hands in hers and rubbed them, while big tears rolled down her cheeks, and between sobs she would say, "Bhai, bhai." Oh the love those little sisters showed to their dying brother is beyond expression; nevertheless, not greater than he himself had shown, sacrificing his own life to bring his little sister where she could get food.

At about midnight the poor little boy who was fast dying, opened his mouth to breath his last, and—oh, if you could have seen the face of his sister brighten up as she said, "He is speaking," but, alas, he had spoken his last words, and at that moment passed away, a dear little boy hero who had so manfully sacrificed his life to bring his sister to a good home.

If you could only have seen the tears and mourning of those two sisters as they sat there over the dead body



Soma and Martha, Native Helpers.

of their brave little brother, it would have melted your heart. Such is the example of a poor little famine orphan boy, brought up in heathen darkness and superstition, yet such love reigning in his heart as to make him sacrifice his own life for his sister.

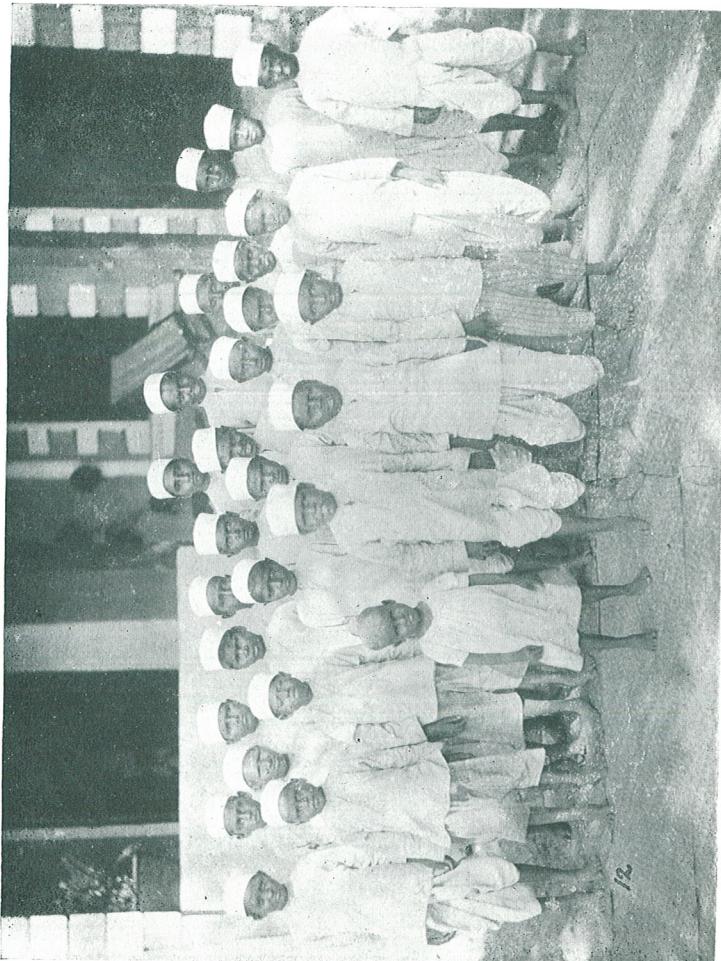
If these starving children will do this for one another, what ought to be done by those who have been brought up in Christian countries and have abundance?

"In little faces, pinched with want and hunger,
Look, lest ye miss Him! in the wistful eyes,
And on the mouths unfed by mother-kisses—
Marred, bruised and stained, His precious image lies.
And when ye find Him in the midnight wild,
Even in the likeness of an outcast child,
Oh, wise men, own your King!
Before this cradle bring
Your gold to raise and bless,
Your myrrh of tenderness!
For, 'As ye do it unto these,' saith He,
'Ye do it unto Me!'"

Sad Scenes.

Here in the North of our District (see map: the Vanguard field is in the extreme South) the suffering was intense. Passing through Ahmedabad I met a man who had seemingly just got in town from a distant village. Suffering much for water, he approached a place where a lady had thrown water on the road to allay the dust. He immediately sat down, and gathering the wet dust in his two hands poured it into his mouth. I stood close by, and heard the sand rattle as it went down his throat—cruel famine!

The cattle suffered with the people, and were sold for almost nothing to those who had money to buy. A gentleman of my acquaintance bought all the cattle he could for their hides. Hundreds were slaughtered on the outskirts of the city, and the carcases thrown away. The suffering people found this place, and some would boil the meat and satisfy themselves in that way, while others who were almost driven mad with hunger would



What a Difference! How Happy We Are! Boys After Being in the Vanguard Orphanage for Some Time.

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eat the raw flesh like dogs and wild animals. In such places could be seen men, women and children, dogs, and vultures fighting for the few remaining pieces of flesh on the bones. A little later, when the slaughter of these animals had ceased the place was visited by those whose sufferings and hunger were so intense that they cracked the bones with their teeth or stones and sucked out the raw marrow. These, of course, were people of the low caste, or meat-eating people. From such scenes and places as these many of our children were taken. Do you begrudge what you have sent to help them?

"By the love of God so tender,
By His only Son unspared,
Pity India's woes and send her,
Portions lovingly prepared."

CHAPTER III.

FRUITS OF FAMINE.

The thousands of children now in the different Homes and Orphanages under Christian training, the knowledge of the people and their ways, the numbers reached by the missionaries that perhaps otherwise would have lived and died in obscurity, the influence brought to bear upon the masses by the Christian hospitality of the nations, the fact demonstrated clearly that God is no respecter of caste or person—these results are of far-reaching and vast importance when we remember that Hinduism is so divided. We have the seven great divisions taught in Hinduism. These are again sub-divided into 243 castes. The Brahmans and the higher castes number some thirty-nine millions; there are over ninety-nine and a half million low castes, and over sixty-eight million are outcastes. Rich and poor alike have been made to see that God, the Ruler of the universe, is no respecter of caste or tribe, but hath made of one all nations. This is fruit indeed, had we nothing else to show.

But let us visit the Orphanages. Many of the children of that time are now out and sowing the Gospel seed with real success. Others are earning an honest livelihood at the trades taught them by the missionaries and tradesmen. They are indeed the "weak things," but by the providence of God they form the nucleus of a Christian nation. The fruit is seen, the thin edge of the Gospel wedge has penetrated the heathenish social systems of the land. False gods, caste systems, darkness and ignorance must yield before the light of the Gospel which these will take with them.

There are multitudes of these children yet under training for all kinds of religious work—from pastor to book-seller. Who is there among us who is wise enough to foretell the great good that will come to future India through the medium of famine by the poor, weak, little famine orphan child?

One of Them—A Diamond.

The value of this diamond is inestimable. The worth of it will not be known until Jesus comes to make up His jewels. Then it will shine forth as the sun. Hero is the name of a Gujarati lad that was rescued. This name in his own tongue means "diamond." The stone was very rough as it was brought from the field, but it has been taken through a process recommended in the Bible, and the effect is just as the great Jeweler said it should be.

WHO TOOK PART IN THE WORK.

Friends who sent means are partners, and they with the rescued and rescuers will some day come bringing in the sheaves, and receive the "well done" from their Master.

This young man stands by us in the work, and can be depended upon. He can plow the field, groom the pony, drive the bullocks, pitch our tents, cook our food, sell books in the villages or preach a sermon. He accompanies us during tours in the villages, and proves himself a real help. Hero is now married to Ruthbai, who is also a worker and takes active part in village meetings, and religious work among the people.

Back From the Grave.

Kaliyo, a faithful famine orphan boy, had been working in the sun all day with his school mates. It was harvest and hay cutting time and all our boys were taking part, some hay-cutting, some gleanings certain kinds of grain, while others made the stacks and put the grain into the several receptacles, made of slime so common amongst Oriental farmers.

Kaliyo was working away with others when the cry was raised that he had fallen down unconscious. I hastened to his side and saw that he had been overpowered by the sun—sun fever or sun stroke. He was carried to his bed and from fourteen to twenty days laid on his bed and was so helpless that two of his companions had to be in attendance night and day to take care of him.

During the whole of this time he could neither eat nor drink. In the name of the Lord we anointed him according to the Scriptures, but Kaliyo grew worse and worse, and one evening a boy came with tears in his eyes and said he was dying. It was seemingly all too true and I sent off six of our big boys to dig his grave. They loved Kaliyo and it was weary work to turn the sod to bury one they had so often played with.

The boys who were in attendance, were by this time all broken up and as I glanced towards the sick boy I saw death seemingly steal over his eyes and looking towards my wife I said, "He is dead." Kaliyo as far as we knew was dead and our hearts were full. I was about to turn away and leave him when I was impressed to kneel and ask God to give him back to us from the jaws of cruel death. I prayed the inspired prayer; the boy rolled over and was soon sitting up in bed eating

and drinking. The grave diggers were called and together we knelt and praised God for victory over the grave. Kaliyo is now a married man in the Lord's work.

What They Were—What They Are.

Mulgie and Ganga are natives of India, born under its tropical sun, and in that part of the country which was desolated by one of the great famines. As they first came to the mission, they were famine children, a boy and girl whom the Lord permitted to be brought, hungry and famine-stricken, to the sheltering wings of the Vanguard Orphanage. This was some years ago, and is

WHAT THEY WERE.

Both of them were saved. They were trained with the others, grew and developed, and were one of the first pair in the Orphanage to be married. Now, if you should go to their little native house, you would find it located in the midst of a heathen village. Daman is an important station on the railway where we opened a mission some time ago.

Mulgie and his wife, Ganga, are in charge of this Station where they preach, sell books and are holding the fort for God. Mulgie is a true man, and is filling a responsible place. Ganga is a little woman, as most of our Indian girls are. Her dark, round face seems to be always smiling. She knows the Lord, and is as much of a preacher, if not a better one, than her husband. She has been like a real little mother in giving needed help. Two earnest Christians and faithful helpers and workers in the Mission, is

WHAT THEY ARE.

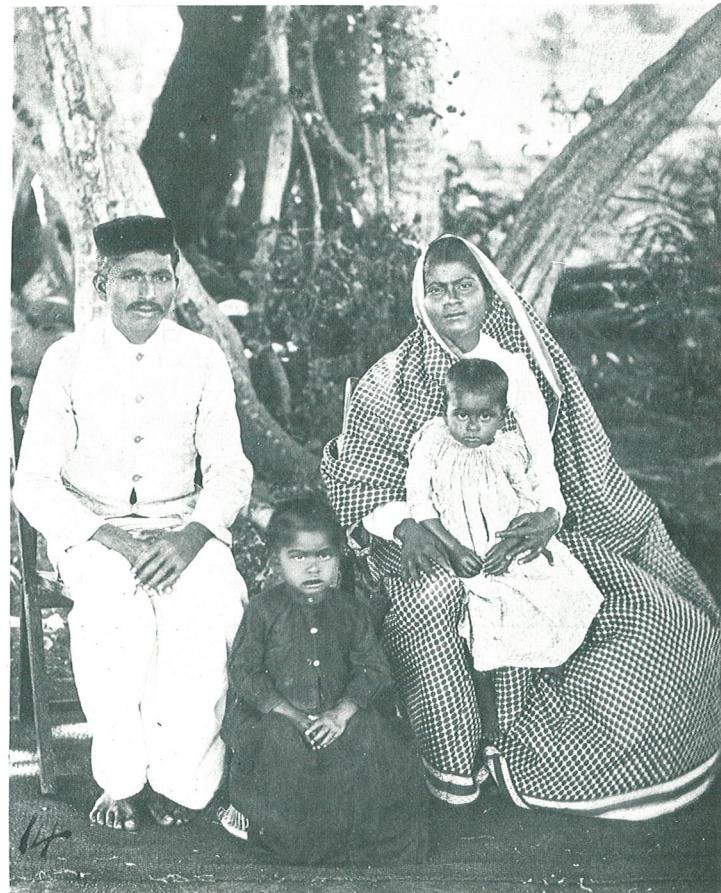
This fruit alone of the famine work has paid and is a great encouragement to our hearts. There is much more too, that has paid, and is a constant inspiration to us.

In the humble little home of this couple of whom we write, you will now find two beautiful little children, Mariam and Joseph. These are what we might call "Orphanage grandchildren." They are the next generation coming on. There are a number of these in the homes of those who have been married in the Orphanage. Unlike their parents, they have not been born in heathen, but Christian homes, and the elevating effects of Christianity shows itself more beautifully and distinctly in these children than even it did in their parents.

Praise God for these fruits of past labors! They are increasing, and so does our thankfulness and praise to God. It is a matter of much rejoicing to thus see the older ones who have been brought up in the Orphanage filling places as helpers in the work. We feel like rallying anew to do our best to support, train, teach and to bring into line for God's work those who are now growing up in the Orphanage Home. The work which brings these blessed fruits is in many respects difficult and hard for those who have its responsibility. Let us pray and labor for these India orphans as never before.

These sacrifices and labors for the homeless children of India pays where properly carried on. Our work for the children bears its fruits in the man.

"I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And moulded with my power and art,
A young child's soft and tender heart.



Mulgie and Ganga, Native Evangelists at Daman.

FROM FAMINE TO FAMINE.

I came again when years were gone;
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him nevermore."

This is only a little of the "fruits of famine" brought about by the prayers and self-denials of God's noble few. When the "books are opened," we shall see that many, many souls were saved because some one prevailed in prayer, because some one washed at the tub a little longer in order to send a few dollars to India; others denied themselves of foolery and fashion. All will receive an everlasting reward. Amen.

CHAPTER IV.

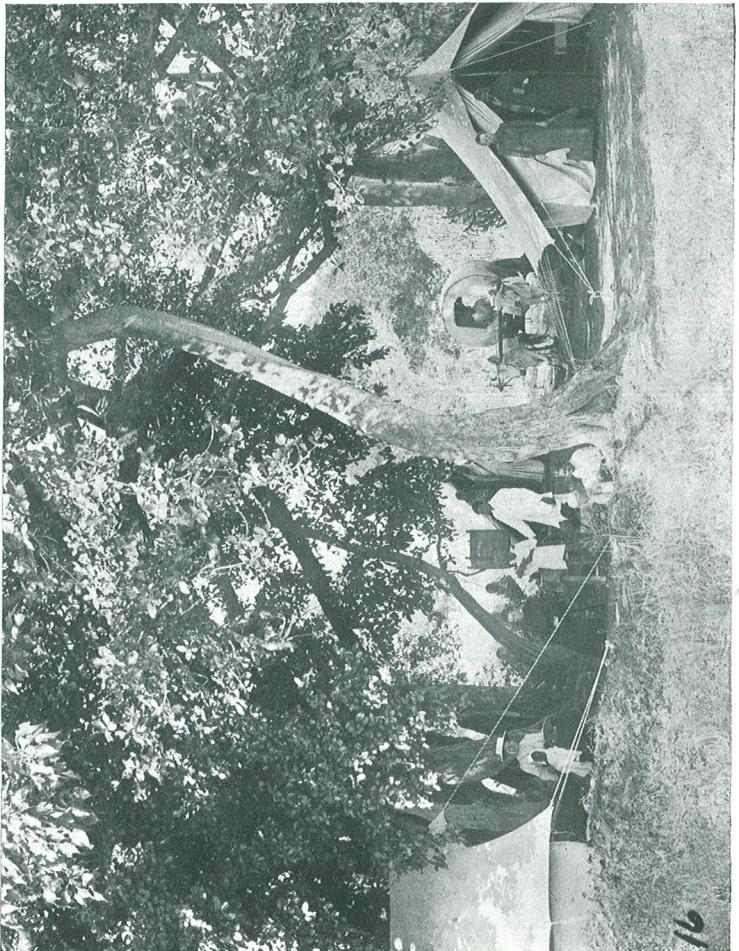
THE WORK.

Our first business is to carry the Gospel to the hundreds of villages in our field. This we are doing as quickly as possible. There are many ways of reaching the people; the chiefest of these is by the yearly touring,



Village People at Home.

which commences at the beginning of the so-called cold season, or about November of each year. Taking our tents, and things necessary for a two or three month's stay, we load up our bullock carts with beds, tables, lamps, cooking utensils and eatables, refusing all that is not really necessary, and soon we are on the hot, dusty road for our first camping ground.



Mrs. Ella Burman, Workers and Native Helpers on Village Preaching Tour in Camp—The Camp Is Beneath an Immense Banyan Tree—Our Bullocks and Native Cart Are Shown in the Rear.

Our tents are pitched near several villages by our older boys, or young evangelists who accompany us. Here we remain for a week or more, preaching and teaching in every village, selling books and getting acquainted with the people—this means, of course, winning their hearts. In this work our grown up famine orphan boys and girls, some of which are now married, take a responsible part, as the following letter from Mrs. E. Burman will show:

"We returned to the district after the holidays with God's smile upon us. Our days of waiting up on God at Sanjan were days of blessing and strength. Now we are happy to be back winning souls. It seems to me I never was so happy in my life, because the Lord seems to have opened such a door for effectual work.

"We are getting out to the near villages on foot early in the morning. About the time the sun gets up we start, and always find ready hungry listeners for the truth. These simple people! How Jesus loves them, and how glad I am that we are with them at last. How Satan has withheld and hindered us, but it is better late than never, and now if we can get a small piece of land, and get a native house built before the hot weather comes on, then we can stay right on—at least the native workers can do so.

"We have two schools well begun. Thomas teaches one near his tent, and Rutia teaches the other in the near village. The village children have to work. A large number can only come in the evening and at noon from twelve to two, but they manifest a great interest. When school time comes we see them running over the fields with slate and book in hand. They hold their slates out from them suspended by a string, so as not to erase their work and the copy.

"We need a cheap house here at Salpur. Their houses are built of coarse grass, as you doubtless remember, with a little wood for a frame. One man who is interested and lives right here has offered to give us land to put up a house.

"We have six tents pitched here; two camps. The married couples and Rutia are in one camp, and the native girls who are helping in the village work and we are in the other. Two



Native Workers Teaching Village Boys in Camp—Mrs. Burman Stands at the Back With a Group of Native Women.

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Mrs. Burman and Her Touring Staff.

18

tents are pitched (my tent and the girls') within less than two rods of a great cobra's den, but we feel safe in God's keeping. This is one of the seen dangers; but how great are the unseen dangers! Yet, He keeps us through them all, and will to the end if we trust Him. Praise God! We meet together every day for the study of the Word, and for prayer and praise. We read your letters to each other in front of the tents, and long to see you all.

"Rutia (one of the native boys) gives out the Gospel well, and takes a real interest in the work. All the native workers we have with us seem to be about as thankful to be out in the work as any one could be, and are doing their best, with God's help."

In another letter she says:

"Some of the native workers and myself are touring among the dear people about midway between Pardi and Sanjan, teaching them God's Holy Word and selling books. God is blessing us and we are happy. Our help is in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth.

"Many of the people seem to be losing faith in their idols. Some of the educated people tell us their idols have no power. There are idols under three different trees where our tents are pitched. They say that they add one new idol to this group every time there is a death in the village. We are thankful that the people are now listening to the word of the living God, the Creator of all things, under these same trees. They listen very attentively in the villages, and often some one in the meetings takes the Bible and reads to the rest portions that we select. They seem thoughtful and we believe they are seeking the truth. Two men who come to the tent are praying for salvation.

"The people manifest their interest by buying and reading our books. Many show hospitality and want us to eat, and they feed our bullocks, and give the best place they have for the meeting. They leave their work and listen as long as the meeting lasts. Yesterday we held two meetings in a village and were just ready to come away when a man came and wanted us to stop a little while and let him hear God's Word, as he did not get to the meetings. This morning as we were



Mulgie and Ganga, Kaliyo and Walli, Hero and Ruth; Shukeriyoo and Motie.
A Working Force.



Miss M. Friesen, Miss A. Bueker, Miss R. Rodabaugh.

Girls' Orphanage, Vanguard Mission, Sanjan, India.

starting for a village a man and his son came wishing to buy books. We had visited their village when they were away. One of the books they bought was a singing book. The boy tried to sing but did not know the tunes. We asked them to come to the camp that we might teach him the tunes.

"The natives are celebrating their holy days now. In the evening they build fires and dance around them to the music. They keep this up till very late.

"The men often tell us the women have no sense and cannot understand anything. They seem to think it is useless for us to spend any time with the women. While the men were away we went to the near village to have a meeting with the women. I found a number of women and girls and children gathered together in a house and here I stayed for some time teaching them.

"Nearly all the people living near us are of the shepherd caste. They are fond of playing the flute. The sweet strains come floating over the plains and add much to our happiness. The boys bring their flutes and sit down in front of the tent and play. Afterwards we teach them a Scripture verse.

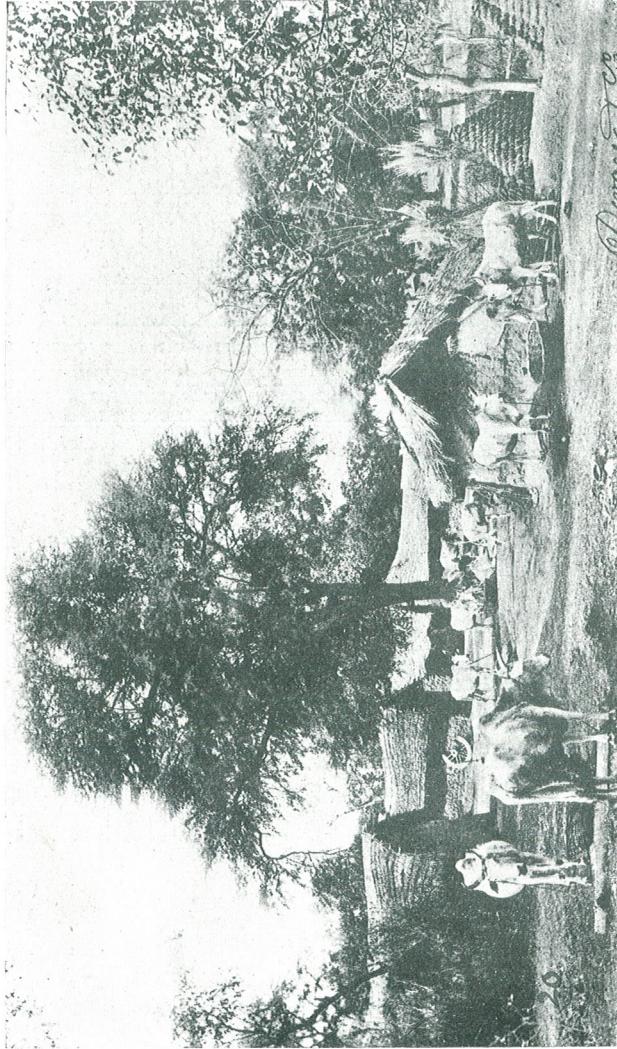
*"The people ask us if we are going to build a house here. We would like to see a house here under these large trees and it is not impossible, because the land where the tents are pitched is uncultivated; it being a small corner beneath a clump of nice banyans. Missionaries and workers need to be among these people the year around and my prayer is that God will bring it to pass. Our hearts are full of praise, and we take courage as there comes down to us from above the soft sweet whisper, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'" Matt. 28:20.

Let us take you along with us as we go to

A Village Meeting.

Two or three missionaries with several native workers enter the village, and are met by many *salaams*

*Think of this, dear reader, heathen asking us to come and live in their midst and teach them about God! What enterprise could possibly bring greater blessings or more far-reaching results? This house can be put up for \$100.

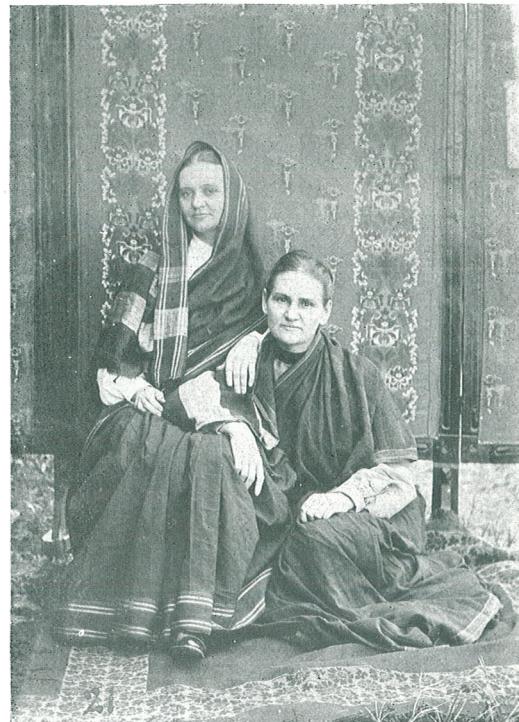


A Homestead.

(salutations) from the more interested and polite villagers. Stopping under a large, over-hanging mango or banyan tree, we commence a song in a tune that the natives are acquainted with, and are quickly surrounded by those eager to satisfy their curiosity. Another song, still more lively, and young and old alike crowd around to hear what is coming next. Women of the different castes may be seen peeping out of the door, or over the rough fences that surround the little thatched houses, and as if unnoticed stand or sit and listen with more than ordinary attention. The message rings out clear and plain: "God so loved the world," etc. The crowd comes nearer and nearer. Some sit on the ground, others squat down in real native fashion, and the meeting goes on as one after another tell of the love of God to sinful man. The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the whole world is the central thought.

Sometimes a few questions are asked, at other times they are so surprised—and very often convicted, too—by what they have heard that they will sit around in the same ring for hours discussing with the "know-all" amongst them, of what they have heard. Prayer is offered, and the ordinary *salaam* given to all present, and the missionaries pass on. The sun is hot and other villages are yet to be visited.

"They weep, those millions over there,
Our joy in Christ they do not share;
They weep in nameless grief.
Shall we not wipe their tears away?
Shall we not turn their night to day?
Shall we not bring relief?"



Miss Mary Friesen and Miss Amelia Bueker in Native Dress.

CHAPTER V.
THE INTERIOR.

The Mission Orphanage is a busy and interesting place. The dignity of labor and the necessity of industry is one of the first and most important things each child must learn. Work of all kinds is systematically planned, and each child capable of even sweeping a small portion of the yard, pulling a few weeds in the garden, or sitting and helping to clean the rice or grain has its share to perform. Hours for work, prayer service, school and play all come in the programme.

Weaving

is one of the industries being taught in the Orphanage. Two large looms are set up in the long weaving room. Several older girls have become quite expert in manipulating these, and long pieces of cloth suitable for skirts, jackets, boys' coats and the like are the product of this department. At several other little looms we find smaller girls weaving bed tape. This is used extensively in India for winding on cots. Under the large banyan tree in the Mission compound at Sanjan, or in some suitable place may be seen a group of girls weaving

Bamboo Mats.

The girl in charge of this class is from the Pentecost Band Orphanage at Raj Nandgaon. She was sent to us to teach this trade to our girls. This is one way in which missionaries help each other. We might also mention here the help we have received from our missionary neighbors, the Dunker Brethren, whose kindness greatly assisted us in starting our weaving industry.

Most of the floors in our bungalow are covered by this matting made by the girls. It is clean and cool, and well adapted for floor covering in a hot climate. Some of the girls can make three or four baskets in a day. These are used for carrying grain and such like and are also saleable. They, as well, are made from split bamboos.

The Sewing Room

is a place for every girl to attend as the Matron shall arrange. Our estimable friend, Miss Emery, whose picture appears elsewhere, has been to us a providential



Nursery Group.



Eating Dinner.

THE INTERIOR.

benediction of an unusual kind in this department. Not only has she taught the girls to cut and make their clothing, but has herself furnished much material with which the girls have been clothed, as well as most of the materials that have gone into cloth in the weaving room.

The Nursery

is neither last nor least in interest and importance in the Orphanage home. Here is where the orphan babies are kept. Two of our oldest girls have taken the part of faithful mothers to little inmates whom we have taken in. One morning about two years ago, a native policeman stood before our door. With him was a native woman with a baby in her arms. He handed us a letter from a Government official saying this was a deserted infant, and asking us to take it. The mother had run away and left it. We took the child—but such a sight! Starved and apparently opium fed, and almost a skeleton, we had little hopes of its life and thought we were taking it only to bury it. One of our older girls took it as her special charge. Directions were given her as to its care, and so faithful and successful was she in this difficult task, that it soon became a child of beauty and health and much beloved by us all.

Another Motherless Babe

only a few days old was brought to us. This was given into the care of another of the older girls. This girl's mother-like care has been repaid by the fine little boy now two years old whom we have named Praim Daas (servant of love).

The accompanying group shows the present nursery flock at Sanjan. The girl is Seetaa, the one that took charge of the poor, suffering, motherless baby boy.

FROM FAMINE TO FAMINE.

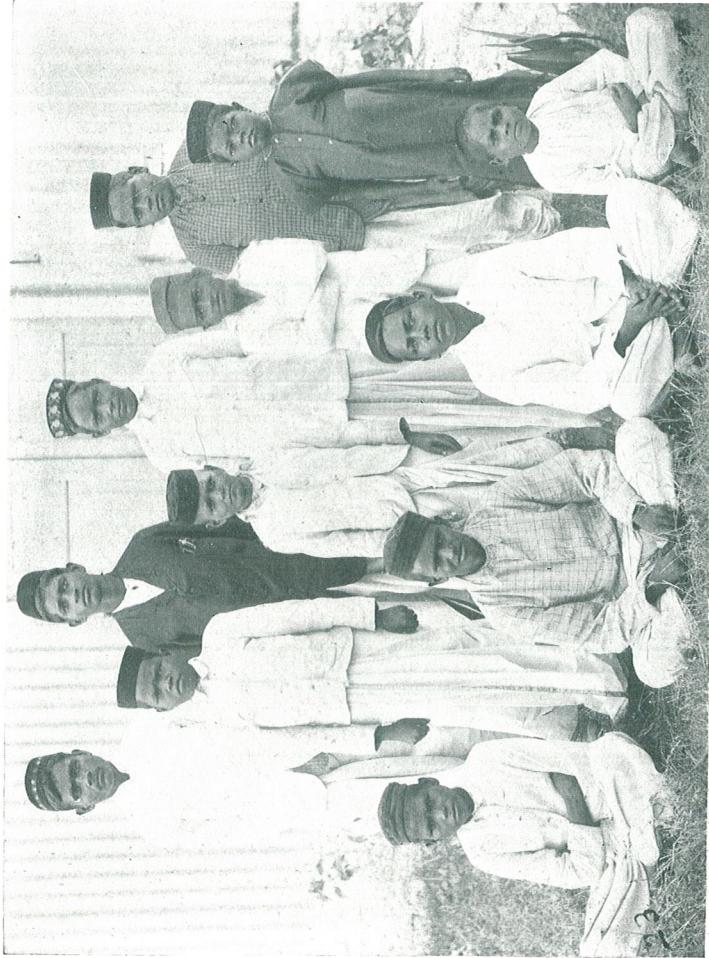


Two Children, Udio and Amy.

Poultry raising, gardening and fruit growing are the other industries that we are commencing.

The Orphanage Kitchen

and eating arrangements are matters of curiosity and interest to persons from other parts of the world. Rice is the staple food. It is eaten mostly with a preparation of *dal* or pulse, or with a savory dish of spices (*curry*), and native bread called *chupatties*. Knives, forks, spoons,



Group of Pardi Boys.

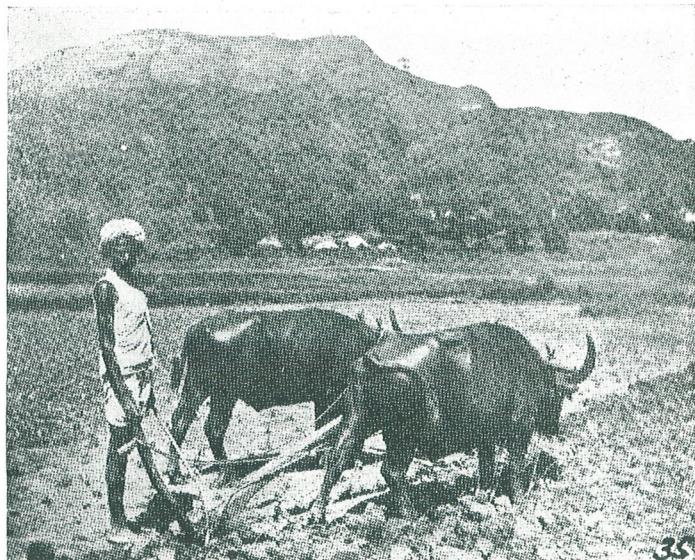
tables and chairs do not belong to the eating department of an Indian home—not even among the wealthy. In the Orphanage when meal time comes, the food is served in simple native fashion. Each child with his or her own plate—usually of brass kept well scoured, receives its food from the great cooking vessels, then all sit in comfortable, oriental fashion on the ground, and convey the food to the mouth with the fingers. The skilful manner of doing this is an art in which we "Westerners" are very awkward, and in trying to imitate, often afford considerable amusement to native on-lookers until we "learn how."

Washing Day

sees the children marching in file to the river, each one carrying its bundle of clothes and a piece of soap. First, the bath is taken, then the soiled clothing is put through the regular "laundry process" common to India. This consists in pounding and rubbing and beating the clothes upon the rocks until they are pronounced clean, and ready to be spread in the scorching sun to bleach and dry. Saturday morning is an all-around cleaning up time in the Orphanages, and Saturday afternoon is considered a sort of holiday when the processions march to the river, and young and old have an enjoyable time in the bathing and washing operations.

Our Native Boys

also have their industries. Farming, gardening, weaving and carpentry. All our outside work, such as the care of the garden, tilling of the land, and the care of the cows is done by the boys after or between school hours. They learn to drive, plow (with bullocks), cook their own food, and in this way they are as far as possible independent of outside labor. During harvest time and the season for



Ploughing With Buffaloes.

grass cutting all the children join in the work, and young and old alike help to bring the fruit of the field into the barn.

The Orphanage School

is an important institution. It is conducted in Gujarati. We have beautiful school books in the vernaculars published by the Government and the Tract Society. The children sit on the floor divided into classes taught by a native teacher, and conducted in an orderly manner. The

The customs, food, etc., as described in our Orphanages are to some extent local. In other parts of India the food and many of the customs vary more or less.



Bible Women Ready for Service.

24

children pass from class to class as they pass the examinations prescribed.

Daily Prayer Services

with systematic Bible instruction, go on the year round. The bell rings at the prayer hour, and in the school room the children quickly gather. A chorus of glad song bursts forth. Sometimes a native tune is sung, again an English tune is sung to a Gujerati hymn, and lusty little voices sing forth praises unto God, after which we kneel in prayer and all take part.

The Bible lesson follows, and almost all with their Gujerati Bibles read their portion. Sunday School, prayer meetings, class meetings and preaching services all come along in place. Often at some of these services a real spirit of revival is manifest—children praying their way back to God, shouts of praise for victories won, glad testimonies from hearts that have been made white in the blood of Jesus, shining faces telling of Satan being defeated, praises from hearts that have been kept by the power of God—these are frequent scenes in our Orphanage chapels.

Runaways.

Sad and disappointing have been the cases of children, boys and girls, (more of the former) that have run away from the Orphanage at a time when the workers had most confidence in them, and just when, from all outward appearances, they were getting on so well. Very often the missionary's heart has been saddened, and the supporters of such children sorely disappointed by a promising child slipping away in the night. Ungrateful as it may seem on the part of the child, it can be accounted for very easily when we remember the wild, loose state the children were once living in, and then in the midst of a still wilder life—

wandering about during famine times—to be brought into an Orphanage where there must of necessity be discipline and order.

Another cause was the scanty feeding that at first we were compelled to allow the majority of such children, on account of their condition. One full meal, that is, allowing them to eat all they desired, would have carried most of them to the grave; hence, the great care with which they had to be fed at the first. The child, of course, not knowing this, clamored for more, and very often, thinking they were going to be underfed, would become restless and take the very first opportunity to get away.

After famine was over, and to some extent things had settled down, many of the children, who in the meantime had recovered a little, began to entertain thoughts of home—how natural! Father and mother, brother and sister would come to their memory, and they would run off to find their village and their relatives—but alas! Can we blame them?

Some, however, return to the Orphanage again, and tell us that their house and all appearances of home are gone. They will then say, "Now I take you to be my *ma bap* (parents), and will never leave you." Some have been known to run off in this way three or four times, so strong was the desire in them to see their village and relatives. Several of our children have been handed over to surviving relatives, and have gone back into heathenism; but this we are not responsible for, as it is against the law to keep such after they are claimed.

One little boy who had been away some months and had returned, wanted to get back to the Lord, as he had once been very clearly saved. While we were praying with him under a tree, and he was seeking the Lord, he

told us the following: "I ran away and got very hungry on the road. I had nothing to eat for days but what I could pick up. At last I got some work to do. I learned to wash the cooking vessels while here, and so I did that for a Parsee family. After awhile I got sick with fever, and the man sent me off. I laid on the side of the road with fever night and day. At last I began to pray, and asked God to take away my fever and pain. I had lumps under my arms (plague) and was very sick. I told the Lord I would go back to the Orphanage, if He would heal me. Next morning I felt well and started back. I was a long time in finding it, but by God's grace I am here and you are my parents." This boy had been very clearly and remarkably converted when with us before, and had been healed of a terrible running sore.

Let us follow the little "runaways" with our prayers and not be discouraged. We shall reap if we faint not.

CHAPTER VI.

CAUSES OF FAMINE.

Although the British Government has executed the greatest irrigation works in the world, there is still a lack and room for more in dry India. The length of the canals leading to and from the main rivers, exceeds 30,000 miles.

The large rivers of South India formerly rolled great volumes of water uselessly to the ocean. Now Anicuts or Bunds have been constructed across the most important, as Godavari, Kistna and Cauvery and others by which extensive tracts of land are irrigated.*

But this, although it covers many miles of land, does not reach all, and thousands of acres are left untouched by the life-giving waters from the beautiful mountains.

The cause is behind all this, and the great distress, scarcity and poverty of the hard working cultivators is to be found in the uncertainty of the great source of agricultural wealth—the yearly rainfall.

It may be said that we expect every year eight months of dry weather, and four months rain. There are occasional showers before and after the season rain, but on the whole a good four months' downpour is all that is looked for, and all that is required at that time. If this monsoon rain fails, then there is neither sowing nor reaping, and with the cultivators' condition of extreme poverty, instead of a good harvest, it is

*The Mysore Government are said to have in contemplation a large irrigation scheme, which consists in damming up the Cauvery River near Seringapatam, constructing a huge reservoir capable of containing twenty billion cubic feet of water, which will be available for irrigating practically the whole of Mysore country, and if need be, the surrounding Madras districts, thereby insuring absolute protection to the provinces of any chance of famine.

Famine.

There are also indirect causes that keep the people in this terrible poverty-stricken condition: The false and degrading ideas, systems, ceremonies and customs of the religions of the country.

The funeral ceremony is another of the evils that tend to keep the poorer side of the population of India in poverty. In some cases the expense of this ceremony is nearly equal to that of marriage. Large sums of money are spent at almost every funeral, and more at the marriage ceremony, to provide a feast for all friends and relatives, for all must attend.

The poor people spend as much as they can borrow, and are the bond slaves of the native money lender ever afterwards, for they are without equal for extortion and real systematic oppression.

The rich with their houses and lands do likewise, and, to meet the enormous expenses, their property is mortgaged, the interest on this alone, very often, proves a burden until death. Debts, in this way, are handed down from father to son, hence a kind of slavery well known in India—servants of the money lender.

The "master," for this is the name he bears, rules as king in his own villages, and it is no uncommon thing to see him on the lands when the crops are ready for harvest—he takes HIS part!

Another of these indirect causes is

The Caste System.

which has produced disunion and discord, made honest manual labor contemptible, checked internal and external

commerce, brought on physical degeneracy by confining marriage within narrow circles, developed other injurious customs, such as early marriage, the charging of heavy matrimonial fees, denied the opportunities of education to the majority of the lower classes, consequently leading to a whole train of social and national evils.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The opium traffic in India has sown its seeds, millions of money have flowed into the government treasury—the price of desolation and death. Now God is wrenching this ill-gotten wealth from the government by the hand of famine. The demands upon the country to alleviate the horrors of famine come as a stroke from God to draw from the exchequer the unrighteous gains of opium.

Back of, and above ALL is God—the searcher of hearts, whether by famine, war, earthquake or pestilence, or by other judgments in the earth, "the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

CHAPTER VII. THE PRESENT FAMINE.

In our own district (North) there is no less than 3,000,000 who are affected. (See map of Gujarat.) This means untold suffering, misery and wretchedness.

In the homeland one poor family that are in want and distress is sufficient to melt our heart to pity. But what shall we say of **Three Millions**

in one small district? A missionary writer, recently from India, says, "I have seen pictures of famine that were heart-rending to look upon, but what I have actually seen upon the famine field cannot be photographed."

Pictures generally show the fruit of want, pain and sorrow, but to be on the spot with the sufferers is another thing. Suffering and anguish too horrible to describe. What pen can tell of the gray-haired men and women, the babes in arms, the little toddlers just learning to walk? Who can imagine the state of the young men and maidens?

Where is your wife? we asked a young man, and in a half-dazed benumbed way, caused by hunger, he would say, "I am not quite sure where she went to."

Such suffering is indescribable; it can neither be printed nor pictured.

The People.

are watching the darkening skies with almost breathless anxiety. The lowering clouds seem to mock the idolatrous multitudes as they cry to their hand-made gods for pity and mercy.

CHIVILI,
Rescued Famine
Orphan.





Mrs. Laura Reilly and Her Famine Babies, 1898.
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

The prices of all food stuffs and grain are rising, and money-making heathen grain-dealers are holding on to their stock until prices reach the highest bid. The farmers and those who have to break the soil for a livelihood for themselves and families are

In a State of Despair,

and the outlook for perhaps the next two years is anything but encouraging either to the missionary or native.*

Famine!

The very word takes us back to the sickening sights of a few years ago, when dog and vulture held a carnival over the poor, wasted skeletons of those who had died from its effects. Before me is a picture of a valley of bones. It tells its own story :

Hunger, Plague, Cholera

had been doing their deadly work hand in hand, and these dry bones, heaps of them in many places, were all that remained of those that were once quiet, hard-working tillers of the soil in that same district.

"No Water,"

said a poor villager to me some years ago, as we looked into his empty well together; "no water," he again remarked, and his face took on a hard, despairing look. I could have added, "and no God," but his heart was too hard at that moment to be touched with anything but that which would relieve him of his present suffering.

To say, "Be ye filled," to such a man as this, with the cruel hand of death on wife and children, is only mock-

*By loss of seed, etc., it will take about two years to get farms in operation for good crops, if rains are normal.

ery, unless we have something to feed them with. No grain, no money, no food, and having to look over the future of perhaps two years! This is the condition of

Millions.

Lord Radstock addresses this letter to the Friends of India:

"As the telegrams from the Governor-General only refer to distress which comes before the local authorities by applications made for relief, and the expression, 'Prospects are unchanged,' refers to previous telegrams, the conclusions from which it is desirable to place before your readers in condensed form, I think it will be clearer if I try to present to them the various areas in a tabulated form, and the Governor-General's telegrams regarding them.

"United Provinces (49,000,000). 'No rain. Severe distress probable in about half' (i. e., about 25,000,000).

"Bengal (50,000,000). 'Considerable shortage of crops. Severe distress confined to few districts.'

"Punjab (20,000,000). 'Whole province adversely affected by drought. Serious distress confined to a few districts in Delhi Division.'

"Rajputana (11,000,000). 'No rain.'

"Upper Burma (4,000,000). 'Scarcity is feared in parts.'

"Central India (11,000,000). Central Provinces (14,000,000), and Hyderabad (3,000,000). 'Moderate rain; has benefitted spring crops.'

"Gujerat (3,000,000), Deccan (3,000,000). 'Some distress.'

"It is important to bear in mind that these telegrams refer plainly to apparent distress, but we know that the autumn crop has failed over a large portion of these areas. We must provide the missionaries with help against the distress which must come on the huge populations that have little or no reserve of grain or money to buy it—especially when prices rise twice or even thrice the usual amount.

"It must also be impressed on English people that money sent at once will enable missionaries to buy perhaps twice as much as it is sent two or three months hence.

"It will help your readers to understand the state of things if I mention that in a district of the Punjab which is not in-

cluded in the Governor-General's report as exposed to "severe distress," the price of grain three weeks ago was fifty per cent above normal, and necessarily must rise till near the time of the next harvest.

"I only repeat what I said in my previous letter, that the Government of India is preparing to do a magnificent work on the largest scale, and has made preliminary estimates for relief: For relief works of various kinds, \$10,000,000. Advances to agriculturists, irrigation, etc., \$11,500,000. Suspensions of land revenue, \$10,000,000. Help is mainly given in large relief camps, and many invalids, high-caste women and children cannot go there, and must be helped on the spot. Also orphans have to be taken in."

From a Northern District

A writer to the Northwestern Advocate says:

"Once more India is face to face with a great famine. Scarcely ten years have passed since the last one. The effects of that have not yet been effaced from the land before another of greater extent and of greater severity is upon us, to be grappled with and to be suffered.

"A few words as to the conditions showing why the land is so frequently invaded by the dread visitor may not be out of place. India has two principal harvests. The harvest cut in March and April is sowed in October, and consists chiefly of wheat, barley, and some smaller grains. The other is sowed in the monsoons or rainy season and is harvested in November. Of this the principal grains are corn, rice, millet, dal, and also cotton. (In other parts rice is most extensively raised.)

"Rains come at fixed season and rarely at any other time. The monsoon or regular rainy season should extend from the last of June to the end of September. Then there are the winter rains, usually called 'the Christmas rains,' which in normal years should not last above a few days, and generally come in January, but may come as late as the end of February. A failure or an excess of winter rains means a short crop, but a failure of the monsoons spells famine.

"Last spring all the indications pointed to an abundant harvest, but excessive rain and cold early in March, when the grain was forming, transformed a most promising outlook for an

abundant harvest, and the result was less than half the normal yield. This made hard times for the poor. But their hope was on a good fall harvest. Had that come all would have been well. But instead of three months' rains, as there should have been, we had less than three weeks of monsoon conditions. This was followed by unusually hot weather. The crops sowed with the first rains soon withered, and the fall crop was a failure.

"The mass of the people of India are either cultivators or laborers. The latter live from hand to mouth, with nothing laid by for a rainy day. The former are a little better off, in that they can raise on their small fields almost all they need. After paying the rent of the land to the owner, and perhaps a little on a debt—these classes are both almost always in debt—they have barely enough to tide them over to the next harvest. Let that harvest fail, and there is nothing left to fall back on. So, with a failure of the harvest, and grains at top famine prices, as they have been for the past two or three months, the pinch of the famine is felt most keenly by the masses of the land. Moreover, work is not easily obtained now.

"On account of the absolute lack of moisture, only that part of the usual wheat fields could be sowed that could be irrigated from a pond, well or stream. In consequence, only about half the usual amount was sowed for the coming spring harvest. Beside, seed wheat had become so expensive that many cultivators, unable to buy wheat, were compelled to leave their fields all plowed and ready for the sowing, unsowed. Accordingly, should the conditions in every way be favorable, the spring crop cannot be over a half crop at best. The outlook for the coming year is a gloomy one, and those who have seen something of the famines look forward with dread to the experiences of suffering and want in the twelve months to come.

"A Christian man came to me the other day, saying that in his family of seven persons there was but one quilt and no other bedding whatever, and that they could have but one meal a day, and that of the coarsest grains. Another man, and he was a mission worker, said that an ordinary dog would not eat the food he had to set before his children. In a village this week I was surprised by a lot of hungry, pinched, shivering men, women and children, who besought for help. They said: 'We are praying that God may send us food, or, if not, that

He may take us home to heaven, for we cannot endure this much longer.' Yet we are now in the very edge of the coming famine.

"The famine this year has struck most heavily that part of the land in which there is the largest Christian population. What has been said about the Christians above is true of nearly one hundred thousand more, not to speak of the millions and millions of non-Christians. Our people are almost all poor, and the famine conditions are instantly felt and untold suffering results.

"These thousands of needy, hungry Christians have come out of the night of heathenism and have been enrolled among the children of the light in answer to the gifts and prayers of Christian America. God has honored the church in its work and gifts. These little ones, cast off by their heathen friends and relatives, in their extremity and suffering appeal to the generosity and Christian sympathy of America. No such appeal has gone forth unheard and unresponded to, and we believe that at this time God will touch the hearts of men and women to come to the help of famine-stricken India."

"Followers of a pitying Savior
Would ye in His high employ,
Eat the fat of Heaven's favor,
Drink the sweets of Heaven's joy?
By the love of God so tender,
By His only Son unspared,
Pity India's woes and send her
Portions lovingly prepared.

"Where the weary hearts have waited
For refreshing showers in vain;
Where the drought has desolated
All the burning Indian plain;
Where for lack of grass hath perished
One by one the famished herd,
Men and maidens droop unnourished,
For whom nothing is prepared."



Miss Elizabeth Emery.

The Famine Child

The sun shone through a cottage door,
The earth with beauty smiled,
The angels came from yon bright throne,
And left a little child.

Her mother took her in her arms,
But joy soon left her face,
It was only a little baby girl—
She knew it meant disgrace.

This little, laughing, cooing child,
Was she not wanted here?
Ah no! not smiles but frowns
would be her lot,
And soon the falling tear.

If she had been a little boy,
How changed had been her life!
But she was just a little girl—
She must endure the strife.

THE FAMINE CHILD.

Sad days they soon came hastening on,
When there was lack of food;
For God had held the rain clouds back,
And Famine now did brood.

But God whose eye is over all,
Had heard the plaintive cry;
From Christian lands so far away
Came helpers who drew nigh.

Their hearts were filled with holy love
Any sympathy divine,
They bent in pity o'er the child.
Then said, "You shall be mine."

They took her in their fond embrace,
And carried her away.
Where clothes and food and loving care,
Soon banished night to day.

They told her of the One who came,
So many years ago,
Of how unwelcome He was made,
Yet how He loved them so.

Of His short life so full of pain,
Of weariness and woe,
Yet full of blessing to mankind,
To all on earth below.

And this same gracious, loving Friend,
Is just the same today.
O little ones, give Him your hearts!
He'll live in them alway.

This little, bright-eyed Indian girl,
She now loves Jesus well;
She loves to sing His praises, too,
And of His story tell.

She loves to think that God is love,
That God is kind and true.
She loves to tell to one and all,
What He can do for you.

For God who guides the stars by night
The sun to shine by day,
Will not forget His little ones
Nor let them go astray.

E. B. EMERY.
Bombay, India.

"When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion."
Matt. ix—xxxvi.



Miss Luema Angel.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN MEMORIAM.

Labor Ended.

A peculiarly mingled feeling of deep pain and sweet pleasure filled our hearts as we received the news of the sudden death of dear Sister Luema Angel, which took place on the 19th of January, in the home of her aunt, in Southeast Missouri, where she had gone to hold a meeting—much pain because of the removal of one whom we had loved so dearly in the Lord, and grateful pleasure as we thought of our near and precious associations in the past upon the hard fields of battle in India, and of her faithful and unceasing labors for God and the benighted people of that land where she spent more than six years.

Sister Angel was one of the first workers among most of the children whom we have now in the Vanguard Orphanage. Her life is closely woven into the lives of those young sons and daughters of India. As an experienced nurse, full of tender sympathy and heart love, she nursed them in sickness, and gave special attention to relieving their physical sufferings. She was a bright scholar, easily acquired free use of the language of the people, and was "apt to teach." Spiritual labors and Bible instruction among the children were her great fort. We have seldom seen one on the mission field so conscientiously and unceasingly faithful in her line of work.

We shall some day rejoice with our precious Sister around the Throne and share in the rewards of faithful service especially for the rescued famine children of India.



Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Sherman,
Editor of "The Vanguard," and Superintendent of Missionary Training
Home.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

This narrative would be incomplete if we did not mention the headquarters of the Vanguard Missionary Association and the Training Home, together with *The Vanguard* and its staff. These are located at Marvin Camp, St. Louis, Mo. Marvin Camp consists of beautiful grounds in the suburbs of St. Louis. They are historically connected with the progress of Methodism in that city, and are now owned by the Vanguard Missionary Association. They are set apart particularly to the interests of missionary work. Some blessed and successful missionaries have gone out from the Training Home. Much of our success on the foreign field is due to the faithfulness of those here who have stood back of us with their prayers, and with their lives that have been thrown into the work at this end.

The Vanguard and the India Famine.

Already alive with missionary interest and work, yet when the India famine of 1897 set in with its terrible suffering and loss of life, and with the imperative need of means and missionaries, *The Vanguard* immediately pushed to the front and espoused the famine cause. Its columns were open to communications from any missionary in famine regions, and free-will offerings forwarded without charge to anyone designated. Multitudes responded to the calls for help, and many thousands of dollars passed from the people, through the hands of our faithful Missionary Treasurer, Secretary and assistants,



Miss Dora Evans,
Secretary.

Mrs. Anna Sherman Osborn,
Assistant.

Miss Anna Abrams,
Treasurer.

IN CONCLUSION.

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to the missionaries who were carrying on such vigorous operations at the front.

The accompanying picture shows a part of the staff whose strenuous labors here did so much to hold up the hands of the missionaries and promote their India rescue work. They were the medium through which the hearts of thousands at home were kept in touch with the missionaries on the field, and many a midnight hour found them at their desks keeping the books, answering the floods of letters and receipting the offerings—even the smallest—that poured in from readers of *The Vanguard* all over the country.

The Vanguard was among the first to promote the famine rescue and orphanage work, and through this instrumentality directly and indirectly, hundreds of children were taken. Many were nursed to health and have received Christian training, and, more or less, are becoming effective gospel workers.

Such a service has been of inestimable value to the child-rescue work in India, especially to the missionaries directly connected with the work here. These who have stood faithfully at their posts have as truly laid down their lives in famine service as those on famine fields. The extensive correspondence, forwarding money and supplies, helping off missionaries, besides the usual work, has made possible many of the far-reaching results now realized in our Orphanages in India. During one year forty-five boxes of dried fruits and other supplies were sent to missionaries in India. The packing and shipping of these boxes was no small item of labor. In the same length of time \$12,000 were forwarded to missionaries of different missions in India and elsewhere.

The Vanguard and Training Home are already entering into the present famine work with all possible inter-

est and sacrifice, and those who hold up the hands of these faithful workers on this side, will be doing direct work for the famishing of India, and the heathen of all lands.

It has been the aim and prayer of the writers to awaken interest in the hearts of our readers for dark India. If we have thus far succeeded we have gained our end, for we are well aware that interested hearts are praying hearts, and if you pray God Himself will make the next step of duty plain.

The work, nay, the opportunity is great and—

"As the mite the widow offered
Brought a blessing rich and rare,
And the riches of the miser
Were not worth a pauper's prayer—
So we smile when MEN mark failure
O'er the life of any man,
For the acme of all greatness
Is to do the best we can."

Present Needs.

We have mentioned the present special needs of the work. The "Victory Bungalow" for Pardi (evangelistic station), costing about \$1,500 (three hundred pounds).

A mission House for Daman costing about \$1,000. But two hundred dollars would enable us to build a small native house and establish the work there at once.

A Village School for Solapur costing about \$100.

The support of missionaries, native evangelists, teachers, and orphan children. A missionary can be supported at \$300 per year.*

*Some have been sending \$10 a month towards the maintenance of a missionary. We shall be glad to hear from others who would like to contribute in this way.

Native evangelists can be supported from \$40 to \$70 per year, according to field and qualifications.

The support of a famine orphan can be kept up at the rate of \$20 per year.

The "present needs" in the work is no bad sign. In the philosophy of things a need reveals a development, and with a development there can be no stagnation. This means aggression—for God.

The writers will answer any inquiry regarding the work, and all donations will be receipted, and used for the purpose designated by the donors.

Our work both at home and abroad is supported entirely by free will offerings.



You Saved Us and We Love You.

VANGUARD MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

President
and editor of the Vanguard,
REV. C. W. SHERMAN.

Secretary,
MISS DORA EVANS.

Treasurer,
MISS ANNA ABRAMS.

Marvin Camp, Wellston Station,
ST. LOUIS, MO., - - - U. S. A.

INDIA

Bombay Presidency

President,
REV. ALBERT E. ASHTON.
Pardi, B. B. & C. I. Ry.

Secretary,
MR. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Treasurer,
MISS MARY FRIESEN.
Sanjan, B. B. & C. I. Ry.
India.

If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doeth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?
—Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.